

# Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## I GET AROUND

Ron Richards'

COLUMN

I FIND the exploits of daring burglars always to be singularly intriguing. (I hope there will be no comments from H.M.S. "Tribune.")

Remember the notorious "Flannelfoot," who six years ago was arrested and sent to prison for five years?

If you do, you will be amused that the activities of a silent thief have led to the title of "Flannelfoot the Second" being given to an unknown robber in London's Western suburbs. The new "Flannel-



foot" burgled six houses in one night.

Like his predecessor, who died shortly after being released from prison, he specialises in raiding working-class houses. He usually enters by kitchen doors or open windows, and steals money that happens to be lying about. He may also break into gas meters to obtain the takings.

Reports received at Scotland Yard show that "Flannelfoot II" has robbed scores of houses during the past few weeks. Dozens of bicycles have been stolen by him, and presumably used to make his escape.

NEWS of an airborne invasion of Britain comes from Mr. G. T. Adkin, a well-known entomologist:—

"The great feature of this year to date has been a record invasion of the rare Striped Hawk moth, 'Celerio lineata livornica,' which is understood to come from the Atlas Mountains via Spain and France.

"Previous largest number recorded was in 1931, when 150 were seen altogether, but this spring alone (May-June) about 300 were present, of which 124 moths were captured, without counting the wild larvae which resulted."

LOCAL interest in the Knightshood Park Golf Tourney soared in the final stages as it became obvious that father and son—William McKellar and sixteen-year-old Melvin—were to be the finalists.

Playing off a handicap of seven, the son beat his father, and as a result has been acclaimed Scotland's boy marvel.

Too bad I didn't know about that story before I challenged the champ. to a game last month!

GOOD news for Portsmouth drinkers comes from the court in that city, which, in spite of strong protests, granted permission for the transfer of the licence of the bombed-out "Row Barge" to the "Homestead," Southsea.

Nearly two hundred local residents petitioned against the grant on the grounds that the road in question has always been residential, and that a public-house "would not be nice."

Sounds almost like Worthing West, doesn't it?

I QUOTE a weekly journal, though why a Sassenach should give publicity to an anti-English organisation it is difficult to say.

"The New Scotland Cultural Association has been organised in Aberdeen for the purpose of bringing people together to study and discuss Scottish history and culture, and current topics from a Scottish viewpoint. It is a non-political, self-help movement, as its members, besides listening to lectures, are encouraged to study subjects for themselves, give talks, and enter into discussions with other members."

CLASSIFYING this as "a caring of this housewife," I make no further comment:—

Picking flowers in her suburban garden, Mrs. Gilbert, of Oxhey, Herts gave a start and called her neighbours.

And for an hour twelve neighbours, a police sergeant and a constable tried to catch the Australian wallaby (small kangaroo) which had bounded into the 100ft. garden.

The job had to be left to a "rescue squad" from Whipnade Zoo, twenty miles away, whence the wallaby had been missing for several days.

DOUBTLESS many serving men and women will rightly claim that theirs is the word that should decide the future of the cities and villages they have been fighting for. Many more, though, will want to sit back and say, "We've done our bit—let someone else carry on."

In view of that feeling, which might easily predominate, it is encouraging to note the widespread and intelligent interest of youth in post-war planning.

In this matter the country might do worse than to follow the lead of Birmingham, where youth is being encouraged to take an imaginative interest in shaping the future of that city.

It need hardly be added that any such enterprise would, if successful, add power to the sword of any pioneer.

I quote a sentence from an address to youth in Birmingham: "Unless we can control the use of all the land in the interest of the community, all planning must fail."

The body responsible for Birmingham's commendable effort is the Education Department of the Co-operative Society!

Ron Richards

# 270,000,000 CUPS OF CHA A DAY

By Warren Bacon

ALTHOUGH it may surprise many to hear this fact, but tea is the most popular of all British drinks at the moment. And its popularity is likely to grow even greater when peace returns, for Empire and Allied troops in Britain have developed the "tea craze," and will probably demand more of this beverage when they return to their homes.

Over 270,000,000 cups of tea are believed to be drunk every day in Britain alone. On the various battlefields the figure is a staggering one. Recently I went on to the Y.M.C.A. canteen at London's Waterloo Station and watched a ceaseless stream of troops buying their "cup of tea." Miss G. M. Rolfe, manageress of the canteen, tells me that to satisfy her thirsty customers she uses about two hundredweight of tea every week. Work it out and you can more or less find that over 7,000 men are "obliged."

Airmen tell me that tea is one of the finest drinks to steady their nerves after raiding Germany. Troops in the front-line have made similar statements. As for the Navy... Well, they can always find time for a cup of "hot cha."

How the popularity of tea has increased can be judged by glancing at the receipts for Customs in 1938. £7,352,116 was secured. A year later—1939—this sum had been increased to £10,867,192—nearly double what had been secured ten years previous.

The history of tea goes back to 2737 B.C., when Chinese peasants discovered what a fine drink it provided. For centuries the Chinese kept this "secret" among themselves, and it did not reach England until about 1550. Some travellers from the East brought samples with them, but it did not appear to interest many.

It was not until early in the eighteenth century that tea

gained favour. Only the rich houses could afford this luxury, however, and it was when they had studied this that the Government realised that the tea boom might well provide them with a good source of revenue.

They placed a terrific tax upon this "luxury"—and unwillingly encouraged one of the first of the "black markets."

Smugglers, when the moon was low, used to cross the Straits of Dover, link up with their agents ashore, and send large amounts of tea into England by this method. It was sold at a little below the amount charged for it in the shops—but it threatened to ruin the normal tea merchants.

Public opinion eventually made the Government withdraw their tax upon tea, and in 1784, when it was passed by Parliament, tea dropped, at once, by three shillings a pound.

At this time China continued to dominate the tea industry. It was grown, for the most part, by peasant proprietors of small plots. "Cha," their name for tea, has since become its nickname to most members of the Forces, although I doubt if they know it originated from China and is not slang.

With the passing of the years, tea became still more popular, and the East India Company, realising the scope that this offered them, developed tea plantations in India.

To-day India is looked upon as the leading tea centre—on the same plane as Ceylon. It's one of the most interesting sights in the world to see the



pretty young Indian girl's plucking tea. They can, because of their long training and natural aptitude for a difficult task, often gather over sixty pounds each in a single day.

Tea is marked out in special grades, and it will possibly surprise you to know that British folk prefer an entirely different brand to that desired by Australia. That America enjoys a brand that might not be appreciated by New Zealand.

One of the most important men on any plantation is the "tea-taster." He can, by sipping a small china cup filled with tea from a certain area, give details as to its quality and possible worth.

Upon him the planter relies a great deal—and you for the extra-good quality you pay just a little more to secure!

Ceylon to-day is world-famous for the tea industry, which it has developed into one of the greatest of all modern organisations. Between six and seven hundred thousand people are employed upon Ceylon's many plantations, which yield a crop of over two hundred million pounds of tea.

Even when the Japanese threatened Ceylon, these plantation workers continued, quietly and successfully, to produce the tea that means so much to Britain's fighting men and hard-working women. Strange as it may sound, mis-

These blokes have to taste Tea all Day long

fortune brought fortune to Ceylon. It was one of the best-developed coffee centres on earth when a disease struck at the plants.

Famous experts were called upon to try and check the disease, but they failed. Planters saw the plantations which were their life rushing downhill to ruin. More than one man thought of selling out for next to nothing.

Then, by sheer chance, a man, who had been for some time experimenting with tea, discovered that the soil was perfect for its growing.

Immediately other planters, hearing the good news, forgot about their misfortune with coffee and turned their attention to tea.

And that brought new prosperity to Ceylon and a plentiful supply to Britain and the rest of the world.

When peace returns, and figures are issued as to the quantity of tea consumed during the war years, I think we are in for a shock.

But then, after a cold night on duty, no matter where you might be, there's nothing like a mug of steaming hot "cha" to make you feel better!

## A.B. GEORGE HULSE

We got a picture (in spite of William)

IT was the haunted and rather haggard expression in the young photographer's eyes that made me determined to risk my soul for him.

And it was as we drove through the mist and the rain after our visit to your home, A.B. George Hulse, that I made to him the vow for which I shall surely answer when the Day of Reckoning draws nigh.

But the story really begins before that long drive home along the winding country road—and it wasn't the ghost-like shadows of the hedgerows in the glare of the headlights that brought the look of sickly fear to the eyes of Gerry the Photographer.

It was the thought of what the Editor would say that did it.

We were sitting in the comfortable glow of the fire at your home in 94, Woodford Lane, Winsford, Cheshire, searching for a theme on which to base our story, as we chatted with your mother, grey-haired Mrs. Elizabeth Hulse, and your two sisters, Mrs. Ethel Astbury, and Mrs. Mary Taylor.

The wind howling out there in the dark evening street suggested a ghost story—but we wanted something more cheerful.

Then the kiddies came in. Your five-years-old niece, Barbara Taylor, and your small nephews—Edward and William Astbury, aged five years and 17 months respectively.

They said the youngsters' favourite game was ring-a-ring-o'-roses, and when they

said the youngest (little William) was the most enthusiastic.

Gerry, down on one knee like a gallant knight of yore, had the patience of a High Court judge.

He was waiting for William to sit down before the other once that that was our story.

Gerry said it wouldn't be easy to illustrate the tale with his camera. But he'd try...

"Kids are difficult," he said. His face bore the expression of great knowledge.

The two five-year-olds were splendid. But little William seemed to develop a certain stubbornness. Quite suddenly, you know.

They gave him toys and toffees. They pleaded. They cajoled.

But little William just didn't want to play ring-a-ring-o'-roses.

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Gerry's face was eloquent of disaster and defeat. The look of fear and misery shone side by side from his sunken eyes.

As we drove away he said: "This picture won't illustrate the story. You were going to write about the kid falling down too soon." His voice was toneless.

"Perhaps it won't matter," I said.

"But the picture doesn't mean anything," he said.

"And I can't write a child study," I said.

"I'm sunk," he said.

And then—then I said the thing for which I hope the Gods will forgive me.

"I'll change the story," I said grimly, "to fit in with your picture."

As a very young reporter, I had always been told by the Grand Old Men of Journalism that accuracy was the first and foremost consideration—that Journalism was a Ministry, a duty to the public.

And I was deliberately distorting the truth.

But the Editor didn't say a word. And maybe he's more important (for the time being, anyway) than the Gods whom we've never seen.

So that is why the picture of your family circle doesn't seem to mean anything in particular.

And, anyhow, the decision I made in the darkness of the country road was well worth while for the look of silent gratitude which crept slowly into the sad grey eyes of Gerry the Photographer.

Meantime, everyone's well at home and all send their love—including little William.



# Shots in the Fog

## THE LADY IN NUMBER FOUR

By Richard Keverne—Part XX

SOMEONE came tearing noisily up from the ferry hard. Merrow looked up and saw a torch's light swaying erratically.

A moment later Constable Mann was asking, "What's happened? I heard shooting—oh, my God! The young lady." He was down on his knees beside her instantly.

Merrow said wildly, "For God's sake get on and telephone for a doctor. Windham's been shot, there's been a car crash up the road—are you a First Aid man? If so, do what you can for this lady first."

But Mann was already at work. "She's alive. Keep her warm. Don't move her," he said at length.

Merrow had his coat off while he was speaking.

Mace had come, unnoticed, to their side.

"My God! Miss Darcy—is it bad?" he said.

"Not too good, sir, I'm afraid," Mann answered.

Mace said, "Those swine got Windham, too. Shot him through the chest. I've patched him up as best I can. We must get the ambulance. Sorry, Mr. Merrow, we must get on. We'll do all we can."

## WANGLING WORDS—192

1. Put a lot inside C... IDE and make a famous London street.
2. Rearrange the letters of O LOW HUNS to make a military depot in Middlesex.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: BOOK into POEM, BROWN into BEARS, FLAME into SMOKE, RATS into TRAP.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from RECONNOITRE?

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 191

1. ESPOUSE.
2. CRICKLEWOOD.
3. COCK, CORK, CORE, PORE, POLE, HOLE, HALE, HATE, HATS, HUTS, HUNS, HENS.
4. WILD, WOLD, HOLD, HOLE, HOSE, LOSE, LOSS, BOSS, BOWS, BOWL, FOWL, BULL, BALL, BAWL, BOWL, COWL, COWS.
5. FIVE, LIVE, LOVE, ROVE, ROTE, TOTE, TOTS, TOES.
6. Cape, Pace, Race, Lace, Care, Pair, Pare, Reap, Cult, Talc, Clap, Clip, Pail, Leap, Peal, Ripe, Pier, Tier, Rite, Tire, Tile, Lyre, City, Cute, Cure, Lure, Rule, etc.
7. Trail, Trial, Place, Petal, Party, Clear, Plait, Cruel, Lucire, Pearl, Caper, Tapir, Plate, Crape, Trace, Crate, Cater, Pater, Prate, Taper, etc.

## JANE



The two men moved off at a run.

Merrow tucked his coat gently about Gwen, and, kneeling by her side, took her hand in his. The pulse was beating, but faintly.

For what seemed to Hugh Merrow an eternity he knelt by her side, speaking to her from time to time in the foolish hope that she might answer; striving to staunch the blood that trickled from a cut on her forehead with his handkerchief, cursing Mace and Mann for not having got help already, and hardly giving a thought to Edgar Baldock and his confederate.

Up at the corner where the Ferry Lane left the winding country road, Mace and the second constable, Cook, were working on a heap of wreckage.

The police car was smashed to bits. Baldock's car lay on its side in the ditch, its roof crumpled.

Cummings had gone through the windscreen. He was mangled and dead. Baldock, by some miracle, appeared to be almost unhurt. He was jammed in his seat, screaming in frenzied terror that the car would catch fire and pleading with Mace for God's sake to get him out quickly.

A couple of labourers had turned up from somewhere, and presently a car came along and gave some welcome light to the workers striving to get the object Baldock clear.

They succeeded at last. Baldock limped stiffly to the side of the road, dazed and shaking. But as he began to recover his nerve he became suddenly truculent, demanding to be taken to a doctor instantly.

Mace spoke to him sharply. "You will stay where you are," he said. "A doctor will be here shortly and he'll deal with you in your turn. Then I'll deal with you."

"I don't know who you are and by what right you give me orders," Baldock said angrily. "I've told you who I am. I'm a police officer," Mace said. "How do I know that?" Baldock blustered. "There were two men who said they were policemen out on the heath just now. They attacked us, tried to force their way into our car. Naturally we thought they were holding us up. And my poor man Cummings quite rightly tried to escape."

"Your poor man Cummings deliberately shot a man," Mace said coldly. "That man may be dead by now." Baldock winced. "He deliberately ran over a woman in the road. She may be dead, too." Baldock burst out, "It was nothing to do with me. I never fired. I wasn't driving. If what you say is true, it was sheer accident and your fault. You've no right to detain me—I am injured. I must drag myself as best I can to find a doctor."

Mace placed a firm hand on his shoulder.

"Edgar Baldock," he said deliberately, "you will stay here, and presently you will come to the police station with me to answer certain questions concerning the death of Janet Warren—"

"What—that mad woman who killed—who was killed in my grounds? I know nothing about her; I gave my evidence at the inquest and I know nothing more. I think you must be mad, whoever you are."

"I have reason to believe that you know a great deal more," Mace said in a voice like doom. "Cook." The plainclothes constable came towards him. "Take this man and look after him till I'm ready."

Baldock merely gasped. All his bluster had left him, and he seemed to be shivering.

A doctor arrived a few minutes later. Mace boarded his car and they made their way

## QUIZ for today

1. A samisen is an Eastern dancer, drink, musical instrument, Japanese priest, Chinese judge?
2. Who wrote (a) Eric Brighteyes, (b) Eric, or Little by Little?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Happiness, Health, Honour, Haddock, Hake, Halibut?
4. When do we get the Hunter's Moon?
5. What is generally understood by "No. 10"?
6. What is the date of Thanksgiving Day in U.S.A.?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Synagogue, Try-cycle, Victuals, Decent, Descent, Quarrell?
8. What rank in the Navy is equivalent to an Air Vice-Marshal in the R.A.F.?
9. Who wrote under the name of Dr. Marie Stopes?
10. What broadcaster uses "Sweet and Lovely" for a signature tune?
11. What is the capital of Kenya?
12. Complete the phrases: (a) To cross the —, (b) Neither rhyme nor —.

## Answer to Quiz in No. 236

1. Bird.
2. (a) Edward Bellamy, (b) Lewis Carroll.
3. Haggis is a food; others are drinks.
4. Wear.
5. February 14.
6. Four feet.
7. Heinous, Condemned.
8. Aircraftwoman 2nd Class.
9. Mr. Ernest Bevin.
10. 5<sup>th</sup>.
11. Salisbury.
12. (a) Red-currant jelly, (b) Wine.

through the wreckage and down the Ferry Lane.

They found Merrow still by Gwen's side. He said in a dull voice, "Salter was here just now. He's gone over to look after Windham. He landed at the hardway. He said something about Charlton's boat being aground. I'm afraid I didn't listen very carefully."

"All right. I'll go to him," Mace said.

The doctor, in the light of Merrow's torch, was examining Gwen.

"Can't say much till we get her to the hospital," he said after a while. "Concussion certainly, but what other damage impossible to tell. All I can say is this, it might be worse."

"Thank God," Merrow murmured.

"Leave her just where she is. The ambulance should be here at any moment now. I'll go find the other victim."

Merrow went a few yards with him to put him on his way. Then a blaze of headlights quickly approaching told of the ambulance at last.

Merrow walked back to the scene of the smash with Mace and Salter, neither of whom paid much attention to him.

Once the ambulance had gone, both detectives seemed to put Windham and Gwen Darcy from their minds. They were talking of Charlton.

The "Pegasus," Merrow gathered, had gone from her moorings off Wodenbridge Quay when Salter reached it. He had a sergeant from the local station with him, and they sought out Sam Parsons.

Parsons told them that the "Peggie" had gone about half-past seven. Mr. Charlton had been ashore as usual, and had left the "Hoy" in a hurry, and the next thing he knew the yacht had dropped her moorings and was going down river.

The police sergeant went into the "Hoy" and confirmed what Salter had suspected—Charlton had had a telephone call there immediately before he left. He had explained to George Beale, the landlord, that an old friend had rung him up from the inn at Ewagate, asking him to go down and meet him there. Ewagate, Merrow learned, was opposite Thorney.

Salter and the sergeant had engaged Sam Parsons to take them in search of "Pegasus" in a motor-boat, and they had found the yacht a few miles down the river, fogbound and jammed hard on the mud.

They had boarded her, as the tide rose, and Salter said, "You're not going to have much trouble there. He started chucking his weight about till he heard that you were after Baldock for murder, then he panicked. Trying to clear himself. The woman, too. Lost their heads completely. I left the sergeant taking their statements and told Parsons to put me ashore at Ewagate so that I could 'phone your people. He's gone back to take the

yacht back to Wodenbridge as soon as the fog goes. But I heard the shot and the shouting and made him land me this side instead."

Merrow stood aside. He felt despondent and utterly detached from the whole dramatic scene.

Salter joined him after a while.

"I want to go to Shinglemouth," he said.

"Shinglemouth?"

"Yes. Everyone seems to have forgotten Leone."

A breeze was sweeping the mist away, and they ran down the hill into the lonely marsh. Ahead lights still showed in the Beach Hotel. Salter swung the car into the grounds and stopped by the main entrance.

## USELESS EUSTACE



"Gorblimey, sir! Practice self-restraint! And 'e says, 'What about chips for supper?'"

A weary-looking waiter appeared from somewhere as they entered. He looked questioning at them.

Salter said peremptorily, "I want to see Mr. Leone at once."

They had not long to wait. Leone himself emerged from the lift within a couple of minutes.

"You would please to come this way, gentlemen," he said with a slight bow. "It is fortunate that I had not yet retired, or I must have kept you waiting longer."

He operated the lift himself and brought them to a comfortable sitting-room on the second floor.

"And now, gentlemen," he said as he closed the door, "what is this urgent business? I trust that it does not concern any of the guests. If so—"

Salter said bluntly, "Mr. Leone, it concerns yourself."

Leone's face hardened.

"Myself? I do not understand."

"I come to bring you some information concerning certain—er—associates of yours, Mr. Leone." Leone was watching Salter alertly under frowning brows. "First, your associate, Edgar Logan."

"Logan? Logan? I do not know any Logan."

"Perhaps, then, he called himself Edgar Baldock."

Leone started, but he answered with complete self-possession. "Baldock? There is a Mr. Baldock who has been here to lunch once or twice. I do not know him, except as a very occasional visitor. This Mr. Baldock, I understand, lives in the neighbourhood."

"That's the man. Lives at Wilford. Surely, Mr. Leone, you must have read of him when Miss Warren, a lady who often stayed here at this hotel, was drowned in his grounds some weeks ago."

Leone lost much of his composure.

"Ah, yes—yes, I do recall the name now," he said. "I had forgotten, I—"

"No, you hadn't," Salter interrupted. "You read every word of the case, because you were afraid you would be dragged into it. You know Baldock perfectly well. Listen to me, Mr. Leone; Edgar Baldock is under arrest at this moment." Salter stopped deliberately. "Can you guess what for?"

"I—no—no. I do not understand." Leone's fingers were twitching and he moved restlessly in his chair.

"Arrested—for—murder," Salter said grimly. "The murder of the lady—who stayed so often—in this hotel—Miss Janet Warren."

"Murder!" Leone moaned out the word. "Oh, my God! But the inquest. It said it was an accident."

The man's nerve was going. He stared at Salter like a frightened animal. "I—I—," he went on, but Salter checked him.

"More of your friends are in trouble, too. Frederick Charlton—you 'know him?'"

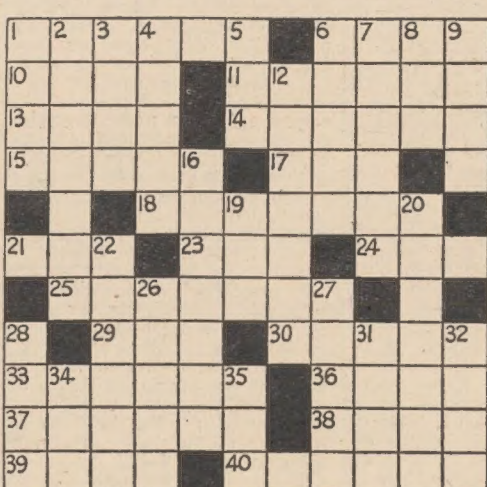
"Charlton?" Leone hesitated. "There is a Mr. Frederick Charlton who stays here sometimes."

Again Salter broke in.

"I mean the man whose car you went out in after dinner last night. You and Irene Marks. You went to Whindleford, and just beyond the village you and the woman got into another car, Baldock's. Charlton waited for you and drove you back late. Think, Mr. Leone. Don't you know anything about this man?"

(To be continued)

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Red.
- 6 Rough growth.
- 10 On the surface of.
- 11 Attribute.
- 13 Coat fastening.
- 14 Pilgrim.
- 15 Muted.
- 17 Border.
- 18 Repeats aloud.
- 21 Incline.
- 23 Luminary.
- 24 Accomplished.
- 25 Pointed.
- 29 Preservative.
- 30 Headstrong.
- 33 Operative.
- 36 Stone pier.
- 37 Flower powder.
- 38 Scheme.
- 39 Sheep.
- 40 Uninhabited.

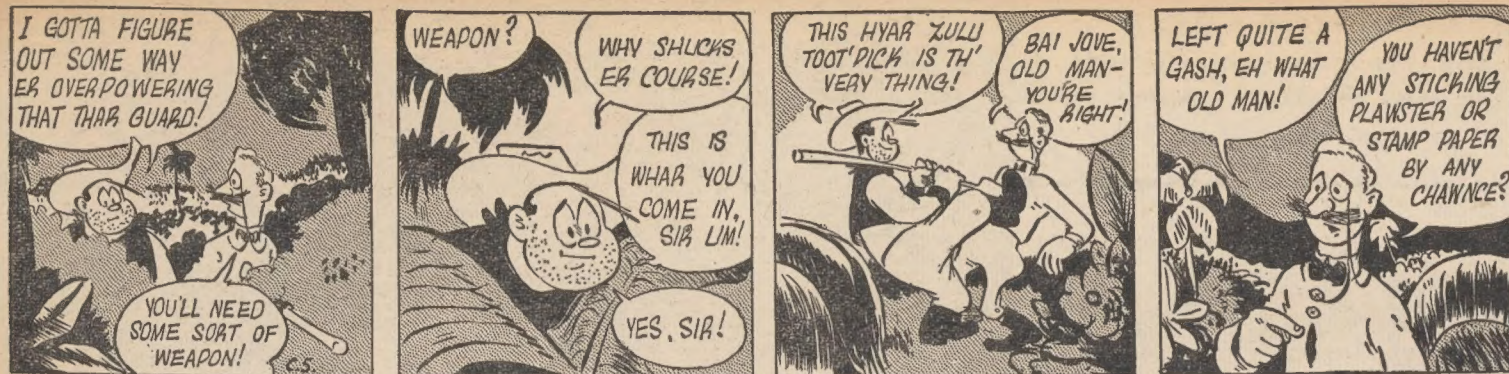
CLAW BLARED  
HOMAGE WANE  
ABODE ALICE  
FEN ALL SOP  
F GARDENER  
SO S L U E H  
RESPECTS O  
AND ASH TWO  
RAGED AWAIT  
ITEM SPARSE  
DEDUCE NEED

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Pudding.
- 2 Fruit.
- 3 Satellite.
- 4 Rile.
- 5 Colloquial lodging.
- 6 Fissure.
- 7 Murmured.
- 8 Consumed.
- 9 Rudiment of plant.
- 12 Sailor.
- 16 Merit.
- 19 Dog.
- 20 Having resemblance.
- 22 Wicker hurdle.
- 26 Vessels for liquid.
- 27 Moistens.
- 28 Jest.
- 31 Trunk.
- 32 Surface depression.
- 34 Farm animal.
- 35 Terminate.



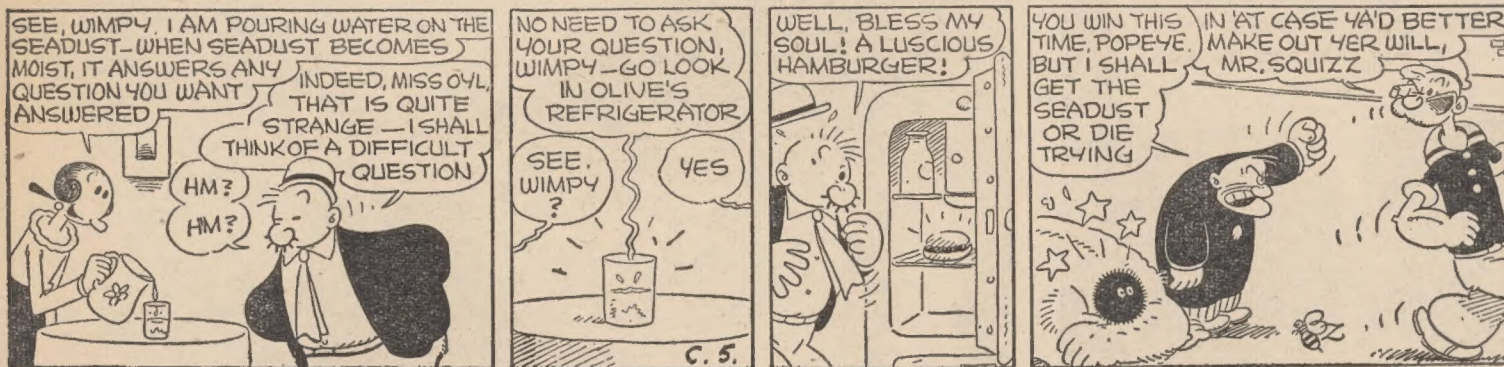
## BEELZEBUB JONES



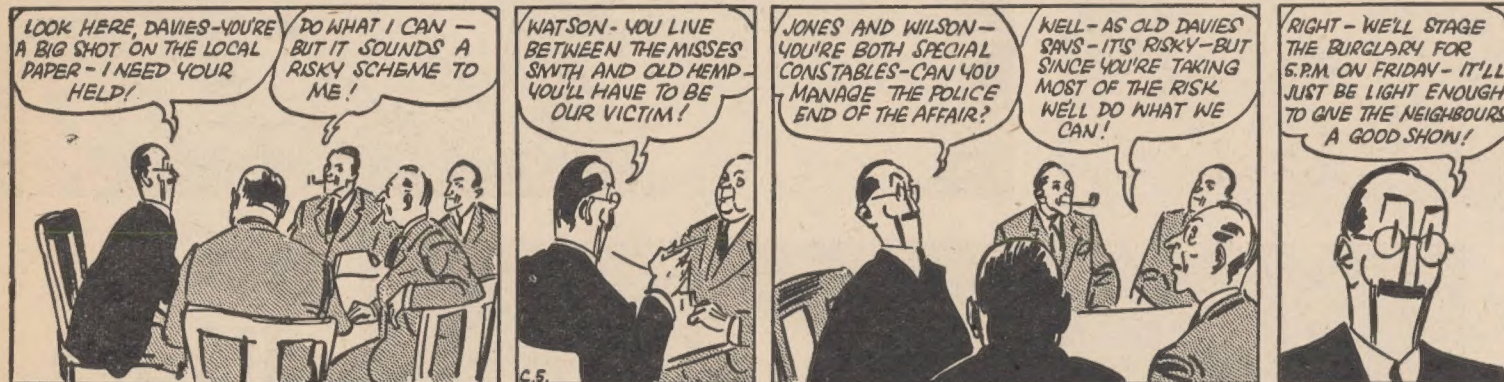
## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



Sid. de Hempsey's

## MAGICAL EVENING

"THAT'S good!" How often have you heard that remark? I expect you have said it yourself many times.

A magical effect is no good if the audience can see how it's performed. For example, the conjurer places a ball inside a hat (or appears to); going to another hat, he extracts the same ball (of course, the ball has been palmed); but if the audience had seen the ball in the conjurer's hand there would have been no illusion and the performer would be put down as nutty, not all there.

The most important part of the trick is the effect it has upon your audience, not the method, as there are many methods of doing the same trick. You must choose the method that suits you best. Don't despise the trick because the method is simple and perhaps obvious to you.

Most of you have seen the Rising Lady illusion, where a lady is (apparently) hypnotised and is caused to rise in the air. There are many methods, but the effect is always the same.

I worked that trick years ago with a long pole behind the curtain. The lady rose into the air O.K. and the audience was astonished; but I wonder what they would have said if they could have looked from the other side of the stage and seen my assistant moving the pole up and down!

Choose carefully the tricks that you would like, and work on them until you could do them even if you were unconscious. Some performers like card tricks, others coins, etc., some only illusions. I intend to give you a variety.

Let's sit round the table. On the table we have a box of dominoes, a few dice, box of matches, a pack of cards: other articles will be brought in during our Magical Evening.

We will not start off with a card trick, as every conjurer does that. We will start with a few dice tricks.

## A MYSTERIOUS DICE TRICK.

REQUEST a spectator to shuffle three dice and throw them on the table. (Do not let the performer see them.) The conjurer first instructs the person to count up the number on the three dice. This done, he remarks, "Will you please pick up any one of the dice and add the number on the bottom of that dice to the first total."

Having done this, the person is asked to toss that dice again and add the number thrown on to the total already arrived at.

As an example, let us suppose the person has thrown the three dice and the numbers are 6, 4, 5=15.

Say the 4 is picked up, the number will be three, which added to 15 makes 18. The dice in the fingers is now thrown, and we will suppose it turns up 1, which, added to the already arrived at 18, makes the total 19. The dice now on the table show 1, 6, 5.

Up to now the conjurer has not even seen the dice, as he cannot tell what the first throw was-but he simply counts the numbers now on the table and adds 7-total 19-which is the exact total the person has in mind. No matter how the dice are thrown, you merely add 7. It always works.

## ANOTHER DICE TRICK.

THIS time the trick is worked with only two dice. While your back is turned, request your friend to roll two dice on the table and add the total. Say it is 6 and 4, that makes 10.

Then have him pick up any one of the dice and add the underneath number to the total. Say he picks up 4, underneath is 3; added, makes 13.

This dice is thrown on the table and the number added to the total. Say 5 turns up, the total will be 18. Performer turns round and adds 7 to the total he sees on the table-making 18, the answer.

## EASY METHOD OF FINDING A CHOSEN CARD.

I THINK you will agree this is rather subtle. With any pack of cards, arrange the pack according to the suits only. Don't pay any attention to the values of the cards. For example, arrange them, from the back of the pack, Spades, Hearts, Clubs, Diamonds; Spades, Hearts, Clubs, Diamonds; Spades, Hearts, Clubs, Diamonds, etc. That's simple, I believe.

Cut the cards (do not shuffle) as many times as you like.

Now fan the cards, and request a person to select any card (not forced).

The moment the card has been chosen, you pass the cards from one hand to the other. From where the card has been selected, count four cards and request the person to put the card back into the pack, taking care that the card is inserted after the fourth card.

The chosen card is placed at this point, namely, four away from where it was first taken out.

The pack is now squared up and handed to the person with the request to cut the cards. The performer now takes the cards and fans them out, looking for two cards of the same suit together.

The selected card is always one of these two cards, the one nearest the bottom of the pack.

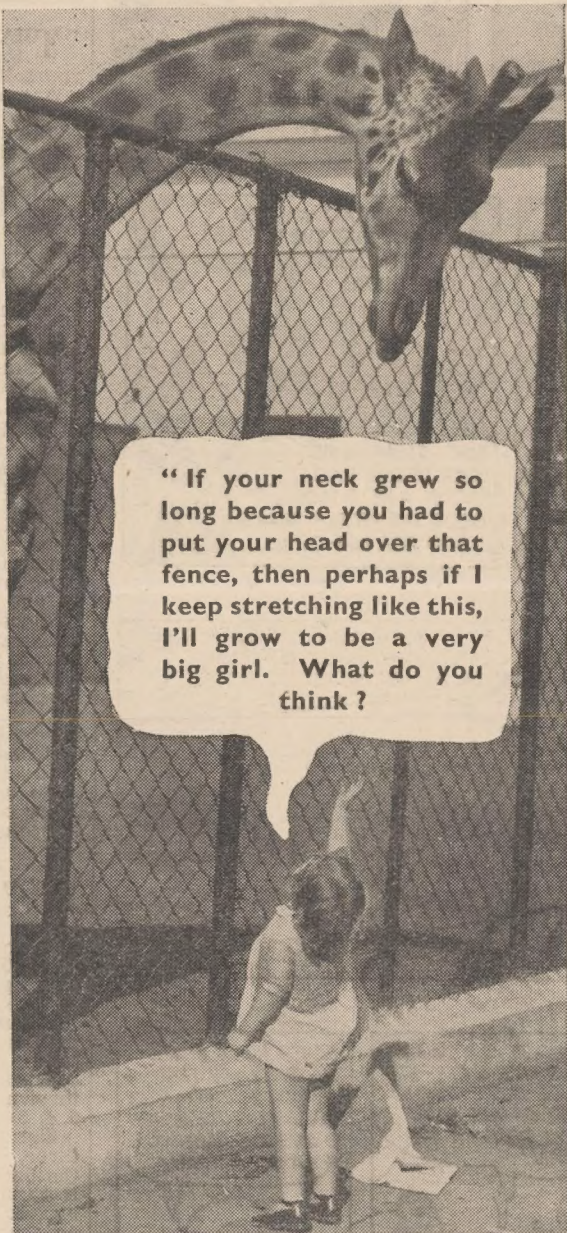


# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

Think what you like about her, boys. If you're interested in hats — O.K. Somehow we find those eyes positively fascinating. But she's got YOU covered—so look out!

## CHIN UP



"And to think that you are only a day old! Poor little baby, I really MUST mother you."



## This Wales

To think of North Wales without mountains and gorgeous waterfalls would be absurd. Here is Rhaeadr Du, near Tyn-y-Groes.

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Boy... if only that was MILK."

